



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

As it is likely the Kootanie country will prove to be auriferous, perhaps in a few years these Indians may be submitted to the hard test of contact with the white man, and this, too, just at a time when his passions are most excited, and when he is least disposed to consider the claims of Indians for lenient, or even just, dealing. It is to be hoped they will then migrate, as they are much superior to the tribes nearer the Pacific coast, and better worth being preserved.

The Shouswap or Carrier Indians occupy the country of the Upper Columbia to the east to Jaspar House, where they sometimes trade, and west across the Watershed to Kainloop's Fort on Thompson's river. They are canoe Indians, and make long journeys over the mountains, carrying heavy loads on their backs. Though small and miserable in appearance, they are wonderfully strong at this work.

With them the dog is used only for hunting, and never as a beast of burden, as with the other tribes. Only a few of them have horses, which they keep at the Columbia lakes, as they have no tracks through the dense woods of the valleys further to the north. Their food is salmon (which ascends the Columbia all the way to its source), the mountain goat, and sheep, and the siffleur or marmot, the flesh of all which they use dried and smoked. They also sometimes get a moose or rein-deer, or a bear; but no large game is plentiful on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains.

The other tribes of Indians seen by the expedition to the west of the Rocky Mountains, were all within the American territory excepting those at Vancouver's Island, to whom it is not necessary to allude in this report.

JAMES HECTOR, M.D.

W. S. W. VAUX, M.A.

XXI.—*A few Remarks on the Wild Tribes of Tierra del Fuego from Personal Observation.* By W. PARKER SNOW, F.E.S.

IN the year 1855 I was cruising in a very small schooner of only eighty-eight tons about the neighbourhood of Tierra del Fuego and Cape Horn. My particular object was to get acquainted with the natives and try to discover one Jemmy Button who had been brought to England with the most humane intentions by the present Admiral Fitzroy, who had him educated, and finally returned to his own country twenty-three years before my visit. The particulars connected with my attempt would be out of place to relate here. Enough to

say that they are published; and all I have now to do is to speak of the wild beings I encountered.

Let me say at once that, after a cruise of some weeks, I came away with the most favourable impressions of the Fuegians, *except* where I found Master Jemmy Button, whose tribe had to be carefully watched, and whose people have, since my visit, massacred the captain and crew of the very vessel I then commanded. But the first place I called at and communicated with the natives, was at Picton Island. Here several canoes came alongside, and then my acquaintance with the Fuegians commenced.

The men were fine powerful looking fellows, each in a state of savage nudity; but their wild hair, and dirty and repulsive-looking bodies needed some previous acquaintance with such beings to admit of any near approach.

The women, throughout that and every after interview, behaved in a manner that struck me as being extraordinary in such savages. The modesty of their conduct was very remarkable, and nothing would induce them to come on deck. One of the women was tolerably good looking. She had a baby with her, and there was something most winning in her manner when she asked us to give her child some present. She was much attached to her babe, even as I found all of the Fuegian mothers were, and I feel certain that to attempt taking those younger children away on any pretence whatever is wrong in the extreme.

The men directly they came on deck were clothed by us, but evidently they did not like such confinement of their limbs. One would persist in changing every thing to the exactly contrary way. Another put a blanket round his shoulders instead of his body. Toys, beads — especially necklaces — and gilt ornaments were, as may be supposed, eagerly sought for. They did not like a looking-glass when shewn to them, but the music of a concertina delighted them exceedingly. Strange to say I found all of the Fuegians I met very honest in *barter*, though arrant thieves in regular *stealing*.

The first visit I paid them on shore was by myself to their wigwams at some distance off amongst the trees. I walked towards their dwellings, and was soon seated on a log of wood amidst the whole family, men, women, and children around me. Their ferret-like dogs, however, were very troublesome, but the men seeing how I was annoyed drove them away. Then we began one of those scenes I had often before indulged in when visiting wild lands. I talked, I sang, I laughed and danced with them to their heart's content, for, inviting me to the interior of their wigwam, I was placed at once in a post of

honour, and free—so far as could be—from the intolerable smoke of their fire.

I may here mention that at no time would they allow any of our party inside their wigwams but myself and wife. Generally an old woman planted herself with some of the men at the door to prevent any strangers from entering.

Inside of this wigwam I found about twenty-two persons squatting round the fire. Some of the women and girls were marked with red and black ochre, and one young woman, who would have been handsome if washed, which they seldom do, looked as if in complete mourning with her face so blackened. All the females wore small girdles, and some had skins on their shoulders and waists.

Their friendly mode of salutation was anything but agreeable. The men came and hugged me, very much like the grip of a bear. I felt as if squeezed in a vice. Neither was it at all agreeable in another way, for the Fuegians are excessively dirty, and contact with them might well cause a man to shudder.

But it was necessary for me to get as good a knowledge of their character as I could. Hence, for myself I had to freely associate with them, and, after all, this is not so difficult as some may imagine.

The actual difference between a savage and a civilized man is simply the degree of cultivation given to the mind. In all other respects the savage at home is identical with the savage abroad. There can be little doubt that a civilized man when wisely at work with the natives of any wild land, can obtain an ascendancy by a prudent exercise of his own mental powers. I generally find that the eye has great effect upon a wild man. At all events, during all my visits to various savage tribes, I have never received any harm from them.

Thus, then, in dealing with the Fuegian, I looked upon and studied him as I would a curious piece of mechanism or a difficult problem. I soon gained a friendly ascendancy with him, and was able to glance at him more closely than I could otherwise do. I saw that he was in many respects similar to the Esquimaux, whom I had seen in the far north. His general appearance is well known, and has been so accurately described in Admiral Fitzroy's work, *The Voyages of the Adventure and Beagle*, that I should be trespassing upon his valuable labours were I to go into minute details. One thing, however, struck me as somewhat different to what I had generally understood. The Fuegian did not seem to me so dwarfish as often represented. One or two that I measured were over five feet three inches, and I believe some reach five feet seven

inches. I may mention that I had a difficulty in measuring them owing to their constant endeavours to steal the tape out of my hands. Another thing I noticed was that many of the Fuegians on the Eastern Islands were fine and some of them even handsome fellows. This I know to be rather different to what Mr. Darwin says of them ; but I can only speak as I found, and thus mention what I myself saw.

My own opinion was that the Fuegian is a creature of circumstances, even more than most wild men are. The wretchedly moist and cold weather, with the high broken land in which he lives, makes him deficient in those bolder and higher qualities to be found amongst savages in more bracing countries. How they live and what they do is much about the same as the Australians. They are cannibals from necessity, but, I believe, not from choice. Their habits are of the most primitive kind, and their dwellings on the eastern part of Tierra del Fuego are the conical wigwam built from branches of trees over a hollowed space of ground. On the west part of Tierra del Fuego their habitations I believe are somewhat different. They reside in families ; are, as I have said, very fond of their children ; subsist principally upon shell-fish and the edible fungus, a sort of excrescence growing on the birch tree. They are remarkably expert with their slings, and the one I have by me is a good specimen of their ingenuity, as also some other things you will see.

I believe they have a sort of property right amongst them, and I have seen one of the oldest women exercising authority over the rest of her people. Wishing to buy a canoe, it was refused me on the ground that it belonged to her, and she would not part with it.

They have a wizard man amongst them, who also seemed to have some authority. They are loud and furious talkers, and I soon found it was impossible in any ordinary way to get myself listened to. Accordingly, on one particular occasion, when their noise was deafening, I took my speaking trumpet and shouted louder than they. This answered. It made them delighted with my supposed skill, and it shewed them that the white man could be equal to themselves ; in fact, it is necessary so to do. In their rude state wild men often fancy themselves our superiors in many things, and to rightly deal with them we must show that we can hunt, fish, sing, talk, dance, and endure hardship as well as they. That the Fuegians must be hardy is evidenced by the fact that they experience so much cold, and yet wear no covering to their bodies. The only thing they do to keep more warm is to rub themselves over with grease and ochreous earth. In their wigwams they

huddle round the fire ; but, owing to the smoke, their eyes are always sore.

One anecdote I will briefly mention. When I was taking a rough sketch of their wigwam and adjoining scenery, several of the men were around me. They seemed to understand and greatly admire the sketch, but they could not comprehend why I took the same trouble with some beautiful flowers and shrubs. They began to pull off the branches and pluck the flowers to give me, as if fancying that, as I could not take away their wigwam and land, I supposed it wrong to carry off anything else. Nor are the Fuegians alone in this feeling. We read of the North American Indians lately objecting to our exploring parties coming upon their new paths, on the plea that it is only to gather and take away their roots and flowers.

But I must pass on to our meeting with Master Jemmy Button, the semicivilized Fuegian. As I have mentioned, this poor fellow was brought to England, and returned to his own country in 1833. Since then no tidings had been heard of him, and it was doubtful if he might be alive.

The place where he had been left was called Woollya, some distance from the sea board, and amidst wild and romantic scenery. The way to it was by a long natural canal called by Captain Fitzroy the Beagle Channel. As the navigation was all but unknown, and the weather exceedingly tempestuous, doubts were entertained of our reaching the locality ; but, after the usual adventures of nautical cruising in these regions, we arrived in Jemmy's neighbourhood towards the close of a certain day. As we approached I ordered the British ensign to be hoisted at the main, thinking that if Jemmy was alive he would probably remember it as a friendly signal. It answered ; for, as we neared an island not far from Woollya, and as some scores of canoes came paddling towards us, one man not far off hailed us to stay. To my astonishment the call was made in broken English, and by the time our ship was thrown up in the wind, Jemmy Button was alongside asking for a ladder to mount by. But directly he stepped upon deck what a transformation appeared from what I had pictured of him as when in England. The man I saw before me was a rude, shaggy, half repulsive-looking being, and in all respects like his brethren around him. Yet that same poor creature had been the petted idol of friends here at home, had been presented to royalty, and finally sent back to Fuego as a passably finished man ! Truly I could not but pause in amazement as I looked upon him, while in broken words of my own tongue he joyfully addressed me. It was marvellously strange that he not only retained some knowledge of the English language, but had

actually taught a portion of it to his own relations. Unfortunately what they best understood was some of our worst words, though they certainly attached no wrong meaning to what was said.

As to Jemmy himself he was at first so affected as to be hardly capable of calmly addressing me. The sight of various things on board recalled words to his mind, and by degrees he was enabled to ask for what he wanted, and to mention incidents of his wonderful voyage to the white man's land. He would not attempt to go below when I explained that my wife was in the cabin until he had been properly clothed; and, to shew how he remembered things, he asked for braces as correctly as I now use the word. On seeing my wife his eyes moistened with tears, and he said to me, after making an awkward salutation, and in reference to those he had seen in England, "Ah! Inglis ladies vary pretty—vary pretty!" He remembered the names of his former tutor, Dr. Wilson of Walthamstow; of "Capen Fitzroy," of "Bynoe" (Mr. Bynoe, I believe, surgeon of the *Beagle*), and some others. He had two wives—his youngest coming on board and shewing great anxiety lest we were going to take her husband away. Two brothers and an uncle, with a grown-up daughter, also came on board. But I allowed only a few of the natives at a time to be on deck. At night I anchored at a place where, if necessary, I could get away quickly, and after a short stay there, leaving many presents behind me, we took our departure.

Such was the affair of Jemmy Button, the half-civilized Fuegian. Many serious and perhaps instructive lessons might be drawn from his history, and what was done and still is being done regarding his people. But I will only venture to call your attention again to the fact that these savages have a heart and feeling as well as we have. And I saw many instances of warm love and affection for their children, and for each other; therefore it is not right or prudent to take them away. Let us go amongst them if it is necessary to bring them to our way of thinking, but do not let us force or cajole them from their own loved homes.

A few words more. The other evening I had the pleasure of listening to a discussion on some newly-discovered flint implements. Admiral Fitzroy spoke of some in Tierra del Fuego. My own experience gives me no opportunity of saying much upon the subject, beyond this, that I found Jemmy Button's tribe very careful to keep in their possession what he told me was a firestone, and which I supposed to be flint, used for the purpose of getting a light. Also in searching a deserted wigwam I found a flint, which is much like an arrow head.

Before I close these hurried observations about the wild tribes of the South, I must venture to add a few more words in a general sense. In speaking of these savages, I cannot help saying that I do not consider them so degraded as many persons do. I look from effect to cause, and thus trace their present condition to the nature of circumstances.

Wherever I have gone it has been a pleasure for me to narrowly observe my fellow man; and I find that nowhere has the Creator made anything for naught, nor for any single isolated purpose. Every man is linked with his brother, and every human creature with something above and beneath him. Thus I believe that the Australians are not a race peculiar to themselves; nor are the Fuegians. With regard to these latter, their similarity to the Esquimaux has been noticed by other Arctic Voyagers, as, for instance, Captain Moore, the Governor of the Falkland Islands. But how they came there is difficult to say, except by being driven southwards.

It is strange that a narrow strait, such as that of Magellan, should be the only division between two classes of men so different as the Patagonian and the Fuegian. This, however, would warrant the inference that the latter had been driven over it into the broken land of Tierra del Fuego.

In glancing at the natives of distant lands I have found much to make me have confidence in their power to become whatsoever the various changes of the day may require. The Esquimaux are really an intelligent race. So, to a certain extent, are the Australians, and, as to the Fuegians, it was found that Jemmy Button, and especially a girl called Fugia Basket, also brought to England by Captain Fitzroy, were quite capable of intellectual improvement. The warlike, noble Maori has been my sailor companion at sea; and even the sable African have I lived with on board a captured slaver. Hence, in calling to mind the various classes of human beings I have encountered, I cannot but think of them all as more deserving our respect and goodwill than generally considered. Perhaps a love of nature, and a worshipping of nature upwards to its fountain head, leads me to this conclusion. When I speak of the inhabitants of distant lands as I do, it is because I have never received aught but kindness at their hands. This, then, leads me to utter with peculiar pleasure, the words of Coleridge, with which I now conclude:—

“ He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”
